352 Choice of Inuentions, Or

Seuerall ſorts of the figure of three,
That are newly compoſ'd as here you may ſee,
Then lend your attention you ſhall heare anon
It goes to the tune of Rock the Cradle ſweet Iohn.

There were thꝛée men of Gotam,
as I haue heard men ſay,
That néeds would ride a hunting
vpon Saint Dauids day,
Though all the day they hunting were,
yet no ſpoꝛt could they ſée,
Untill they ſpide an Owle
as ſhe ſate in a trée:
The firſt man ſaid it was a Gooſe,
the ſecond man ſaid nay,
The third man ſaid it was a Hawke,
but his Veis were faine away.
There was an Ewe had three Lambes,
and one of them was blacke,
There was a man had three ſonnes,
Ieffery, Iames and Iacke,
The one was hang'd, the other drown'd,
The third was loſt and never found,
The old man he fell in a ſownd,
come fill vs a cup of Sacke.

There were thꝛée London Laſſes
did loue a bonney Lad,
And either of theſe Wenchs thought
this young man to haue had,
Theſe Damſels all together met,
and wꝛought a ſtrange deuice,
That ſhe ſhould haue the mã that could
thꝛow moſt vpon thꝛée Dice,
Their maiden-heads muſt be the ſtake,
now marke what did befa...,
The young man thꝛew the greateſt caſt
and bꝛauely wonne them all.
There was an Ewe, &c.

There were thꝛée good old women,
that would not be contrould,
And each of them muſt take her cup
to kéepe them from the cold,
Theone of them a Taylors wife,
the other was a Weauer,
The third a merry Coblers wife,
that pꝛaid foꝛ dirty weather:
To ſit and chat of this and that
it was then their hearts deſire,
So long they ſtaid till two were dꝛunk,
the third fell in the fire.
There was an Ewe, &c.

The Piper pip't his wife a daunce,
and there ſpꝛung vp a Roſe,
The Cobler dꝛunke ſtrong Ale ſo long
till he had wꝛongd his Noſe:
His wife came with a Bꝛoomſtaffe,
and ſtrooke him on the head,
That euery one did ſurely thinke
the Cobler had beene dead,
But being to his ſenſes come,
ſweet wife ſaid he be quiet,
This twelue moneths day Ile take
noe water foꝛ my diet. (ſmall Béere,
There was an Ewe, &c.

A man that hath a ſluttiſh wife,
is in a beaſtly taking,
And he that hath a cleanly wife
is of another making:
He that hath a dogged wife,
my fancy cannot bꝛooke,
But he that hath a vertuous wife
hath farre moꝛe better lucke:
He that hath a dꝛunken wife
that ſpends all at the Alehouſe,
Were better take a Coꝛd in hand,
and hang himſelfe at the Gallowes.
There was a Ewe had three Lambs,
the one of them was blacke,
There was aman had three ſonnes,
Ieffery, Iamesand Iacke,
The one was han 'd, the other drown'd,
The third was loſt and neuer found,
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352 Choice of Inuentions, Or

Seuerall ſorts of the figure of three,
That are newly compoſ'd as here you may ſee,
Then lend your attention you ſhall heare anon
It goes to the tune of Rock the Cradle ſweet Iohn.

There were thrée men of Gotam,
as I haue heard men ſay,
That néeds would ride a hunting
vpon [illegible] day,
Thou[illegible]nting were,
[illegible]
[illegible]e,
[illegible]wke,
[illegible]y.
Th[illegible]ambes,
and [illegible]ke,
There wa[illegible]ree ſonnes,
Ieffery, Iames and Iacke,
The one was hang'd, the other drown'd,
The third was loſt and never found,
The old man he fell in a ſownd,
come fill vs a cup of Sacke.

There were thrée London Laſſes
did loue a bonney Lad,
And either of theſe Wenchs thought
this young man to haue had,
Theſe Damſels all together met,
and wrought a ſtrange deuice,
That ſhe ſhould haue the mã that could
throw moſt vpon thrée Dice,
Their maiden-heads muſt be the ſtake,
now marke what did befall,
The young man threw the greateſt caſt
and brauely wonne them all.
There was an Ewe, &c.

There were thrée good old women,
that would not be contrould,
And each of them muſt take her cup
to keepe them from the cold,
The one of them a Taylors wife,
the other was a Weauer,
The third a merry Coblers wife,
that praid for dirty weather:
To ſit and chat of this and that
it was then their hearts deſire,
So long they ſtaid till two were drunk,
the third fell in the fire.
There was an Ewe, &c.

The Piper pip't his wife a daunce,
and there ſprung vp a Roſe,
The Cobler drunke ſtrong Ale ſo long
till he had wrongd his Noſe:
His wife came with a Broomſtaffe,
and ſtrooke him on the head,
That euery one did ſurely thinke
the Cobler had beene dead,
But being to his ſenſes come,
ſweet wife ſaid he be quiet,
This twelue moneths day Ile take
or water for my diet. (ſmall Beare,
There was an Ewe, &c.

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is in a beaſtly taking,
And he that hath a clearly wife
is of another making:
He that hath a dogged wife,
my fancy cannot brooke,
But he that hath a vertuous wife
hath farre more better lucke:
He that hath a drunken wife
that ſpends all at the Alehouſe,
Were better take a Cord in hand,
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There was aman had three ſonnes,
Ieffery, Iamesand Iacke,
The one was han'd, the other drown'd,
The third was loſt and neuer found,
The old man he fell in a ſownd,
come fill vs a cup of Sacke.

The ſecond part 352. To the ſame tune.

There was a Laſſe had three Lovers
the one of them a Taylor,
The ſecond was a monied man,
the third a Jouiall Saylor,
The Taylor gave his Love a Gowne,
in love and kinde good will,
The Usurer with his money bags
her purſe did often fill,
The Saylor in the Evening came
unto his hearts delight,
And bravely carried the wench away,
the childe and all by night.
There was a Ewe had three Lambes,
and one of them was blacke,
There was a man had three ſonnes,
Jeffery, James and Jacke,
The one was hangd, the other drownd,
The third was loſt and never found,
The old man he fell in a ſownd,
come fill us a cup of Sacke.

There were three roaring Fidlers
came lately out of France,
That light and nimbly can
teach maidens how to daunce:
In Turnbull-ſtreet and Clarkenwell,
Pickt-hatch and faire Bloomsberry,
Theſe fidlers taught their ſcholler there
to ſing, daunce and be merry:
Yet bid all Fidlers have a care
of dauncing in this kinde,
Leſt they from Tiburne chance to fall,
and leave their Crowd behinde.
There was, &c.

A man that hath a ſigne at his doore,
and keeps good Ale to ſell,
A comely wife to pleaſe his gueſts,
may thrive exceeding well,
But he that hath a ſcolding wife,
his fortune is the worſe,
For ſhe'll not onely brawle and chide,
but picke her husbands purſe,
And he that hath a foole to his wife,
her neighbours oft will flout her,
But he that hath a Whore to his wife,
were better be without her.
There was, &c.

There were three lusty ſouldiers
went through a towne of late,
The one lov'd Beſſe, the other Biſſe,
the third lov'd bouncing Kate,
Theſe maidens were three Landreſſes,
to waſh men ſhirts and bands,
And for their pains theſe ſouldiers gave
them wages in their hands:
The Gallants are to Sweathland gone
all this is truth I tell yee,
And left theſe Laſſes for to cry,
woe and alas my belly.
There was, &c.

Three Gallants in a Taverne
did bravely call for Wine,
But he that loves thoſe dainty Cates
is ſure no friend of mine:
Give me a cup of Barley broth,
for this of truth is ſpoke,
Theſe gallants drunke ſo hard that each
was forct to pawne his Cloake:
The oyle of Barley never did
ſuch injury doe to none,
So that they drinke what may ſuffice,
and afterwards be gone.
There was a Ewe had three Lambes,
and one of them was blacke,
There was a man had three ſonnes,
Jeffery, James and Jacke,
The one was hangd, the other drownd,
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The old man he fell in a ſownd,
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Printed at London for *F. Coles*.

The ſecond part 352 To the ſame tune.

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